

Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but  
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a larmen on,  
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition.  
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she  
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out  
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion  
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme  
It is the Womans part: be it Lying; note it,  
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceit, hers;  
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:  
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,  
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;  
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,  
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For euen to Vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still;  
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,  
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill  
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:  
The very Diuels cannot plague them better.

## Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, and Lords at  
one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius,  
and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with vs?

Luc. When Iulius Caesar (whose remembrance yet  
Liues in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues  
Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Brittain,  
And Conquer'd it, Cassibulan thine Vnkle  
(Famous in Caesars prayes, no whit lesse  
Then in his Feats deferuing it) for him,  
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,  
Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately  
Is left vtender'd.

Q. And to kill the meruaile,  
Shall be so euer.

Clot. There be many Caesars,  
Ere such another Iulius: Brittaines a world  
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our owne Noses.

Q. That opportunity  
Which then they had to take from's, to resume  
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,  
The Kings your Ancestors, together with  
The naturall bravery of your Isle, which stands  
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in  
With Oakes vnscaleable, and roaring Waters,  
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,  
But sucke them vp to th' Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest  
Caesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge  
Of Came, and Saw, and Over-came: with shame  
(The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried  
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping  
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas  
Like Egge-shells mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd  
As easily gainst our Rockes. For ioy whereof,  
The fam'd Cassibulan, who was once at point  
(Oh gilet Fortune) to master Caesars Sword,  
Made Luds-Towne with reioycing-Fires bright,

And Brittaines strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our  
Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I  
said) there is no mo such Caesars, other of them may haue  
crook'd Noses, but to awe such strait Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard  
as Cassibulan, I doe not say I am one: but I haue a hand.  
Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Caesar  
can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon  
in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir,  
no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,

Till the iniurious Romans, did extort  
This Tribute from vs, we were free. Caesars Ambition,  
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch  
The sides o' th' World, against all colour heere,  
Did put the yoke vpon's; which to shake off  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Our selues to be, we do. Say then to Caesar,  
Our Ancestor was that Mulmutius, which  
Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vse the Sword of Caesar  
Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchise,  
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed.  
Tho Rome be therfore angry, Mulmutius made our lawes  
Who was the first of Brittain, which did put  
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd  
Himselfe a King.

Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,

That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar  
(Caesar, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, then  
Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy:  
Receiue it from me then. Warre, and Confusion  
In Caesars name pronounce I'gainst thee: Looke  
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus decide,  
I thank thee for my selfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome Caius,

Thy Caesar Knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,  
Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,  
Behoues me keepe at vtterance. I am perfect,  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for  
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President  
Which not to reade, would shew the Brittaines cold:  
So Caesar shall not finde them.

Luc. Let proofe speake.

Clot. His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pa-  
stime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs af-  
terwards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-  
water-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you  
fall in the aduenture, our Crowes shall fare the better for  
you: and there's an end.

Luc. So fir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:  
All the Remaine, is welcome.

## Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not  
What Monsters her accuse? Leonatus:  
Oh Master, what a strange infection

Is false into thy eare? What false Italian,  
(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd  
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.  
She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes  
More Goddesse-like, then Wise-like; such Assaults  
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,  
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were  
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her,  
Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I  
Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?  
If it be so, to do good seruice, neuer  
Let me be counted seruiceable. How looke I,  
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,  
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter,  
That I haue sent her, by her owne command,  
Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,  
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,  
Art thou a Feeder for this Act; and look't  
So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord Leonatus?  
Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer  
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,  
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,  
Let what is heere contain'd, rellish of Loue,  
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not  
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him;  
Some griefes are medicinable, that is one of them,  
For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,  
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be  
You Bees that make these Lockes of countaile. Louers,  
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,  
Though Forfeytours you cast in prison; yet  
You clasp young Cupids Tables: good Newes Gods.

If I see, and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his  
Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you: (oh the de-  
rest of Creatures) would euen reue me with your eyes. Take  
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your  
owne Loue, will out of this aduise you, follow. So be wither you  
all happiness, that remaine loyall to his Vow, and your encrea-  
sing in Loue. Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou Pisanio?  
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me  
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires  
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day? Then true Pisanio,  
Who long't like me, to see thy Lord; who long't  
(Oh let me bare) but not like me: yet long't  
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:  
For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke  
(Loues Counsaillor should fill the bores of hearing,  
To th' smothering of the Sense) how farre it is  
To this same blessed Milford. And by th' way  
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as I  
T'inherit such a Hauen. But first of all,  
How we may steale from hence: and for the gap  
That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,  
And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence.  
Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?  
Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,  
How many store of Miles may we well rid